THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXIV.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

The following letter has remained some time on my files, and I owe an apology to the militia hero for an apparent neglect of his elegant reproof of the undress of the ladies. My admiration of the beauty of his diction and the correctness of his orthography has been excessive; and, in the course of a long acquaintance with the militia style, so justly in vogue in this happy country, I do not remember to have seen any specimen, superior to that, which I now have the honour to exhibit to every admiring American.

Around the character of this valiant epistolizer, there seems, to my dazzled eyes, a vivid glory. As his sword is doubtless as sharp as his pen, his *protected* country has a sure defence in his valour and veteran experience, and from the inroads of fantastic fashion, we have nothing to fear, while this militia inspector casts his keen glances around.

HONURD SQUIRE,

IN the first plase, squire, I hope you wont think from my bad speling that I ant a gentieman. To convince you, I *gess* I am as rich as any boddy in in these here parts. I lately cumd here to Philedelfa from Payankeytank up to the eastwurd, to larn a bit of the fasherns, and to see folk, and so on....You must kno, squire, I made a fortin by tradin in indiger; that is, I was an indiger marchant, sich as they sa here, a flower marchant, a te marchant, and the like of that; and going young into trade, I didunt think much about larnin; but bein obliged by my bisiness, to travil about a good deal, I got to larn considerable about the noshuns of folks, and so they told me I ort to come to a big sity, and that I might larn more, and may bee settil among the great ones, and that I shud find a heep of paple of my tast, and perhap git marryid. I find it is kinder trew; sum of the wimin du seem to like me; if they do not for sarten I gess my yaller panterlunes and kurrickle will make sum of um long.

But what I rite to you about, squire, is the fasherns of the fair seck; was ever any thing so prettee. Now what I wants is, that youl stop them there riters in the Port Folio, who are tryin to run down the wimin, caus they dress naked and show their skins; they want them to lieve off sich fasherns, but do rite a peece that will put um in a noshun of leaving off more clothes. Them fellers must be jokeing, and let what they will sa, I gess the wimin will have more sense to think us men havent feelin and seein and tastin enuff to like it. Ive been most afrayd of the late cold and rainy wether least they shud pin up and cumber themselves with the same bunch of petty cotes they wair in our parts; but I am plagee glad to find they have too much spunk for that. I hope next summer they will be nakeder yet; only try um once now, squire, the first time you can work round them, so as to git them between you and the sun: you wont see any pockits I am sartin.

I have been to several frolicks since Ive bin here. Tother nite I was at one, where we had the dance called the waltz, I think....O mighty squire! if you had bin there, the very hares of your wig would stood on eand. I felt kinder shamed: but for all, I was full of noshuns, and couldent help praizing it; which while I was duing, a gentleman told me it was tolerable clever, but that it was expected a new one would soon be brout up, called the Irish fandango, or sum such old country name. This, he said, would tutch me to the quick. Why says I to a lady, this beats bundling; pray maam, says I, do you understand that play; she turned to the next lady, and whispered sumthing about *Dubster* or *dabster*....yes maam, says I, I'am a *dabster* at that; and they gave full credit to what I say, for I go by the very name.

Do, squire, your a skoller, rite a logium on the buty of naked skins, or say sumthing to cumfort the ladies, whilst they are shivering in the cold to sho um to us. Its a shame every boddy should be runin their rigs on the pure wimin.

I am, honurd sir,
hoping better acquaintance,
in trew frindship,
your worship's
most humbil sarvant,
ICHABOD FLASH,
a captain in the milishee, when I'm at home.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XXI.

Continuation....The prosperous state of Commerce, not the consequence of wisdom in the Government.....Nor the increasing population.....Praiseworthy side of the American Constitution.....Principal cause of the increasing population.

In my opinion, all these are sins of omission on the part of congress, and their number might, I believe, be augmented ad infinitum. It may, however, be objected, that a government, under whose protection the national prosperity has attained such a splendid elevation, and the numbers of the people have so considerably increased, as in the United States, since the adoption of the federal constitution, cannot possibly, while such admirable effects are produced, be reckoned among the bad governments. To this I answer, that I have already detailed the accidental external circumstances, altogether independent of any internal wisdom in the government, which have enriched America, and extended her trade. But have agriculture and internal industry risen in the same proportion as commerce? With respect to the population, I have to remark, that they are indebted, partly to the emigration of Europeans, computed at about ten thousand individuals yearly, for its increase. And these emigrations prove rather the fault of the European, than the wisdom of the American governments. An increasing population would, if altogether independent of emigration, prove the excellence of an administration.

Nor is every thing to be censured; we must be impartial, and confess that in America there is much to praise. The extensive civil liberty (political liberty there is none), which they enjoy, produces the best effects upon the population. The absence of all feudal oppression; the unbounded religious liberty; the liberty of publishing all opinions; especially the liberty, to every one, of following unimpeded, whatever occupation he best understands, advantages, which hitherto are not in any one European state enjoyed to the same degree as in the United States, are all encouragements to the increase of the human species. But the Americans enjoy altogether, independently of their social establishments, certain advantages still more effectual to the same end. Among them is, not so much the great tract of fruitful western lands, yet uncultivated, (for the speculators have made it every where dear,) as the novelty of the ground, which, even if the soil were bad, would at any rate, give some good harvests. For every countryman can annually clear a few acres from wood, which no ploughshare ever touched before, and which, although covered with a very thin layer of soil, would reward his industry so liberally as to occasion the raising yearly of more grain for every individual in America, than in any other country, even though the produce upon an equal surface in Europe should be incomparably more abundant. This is the principal cause of the increasing population; the others are subordinate to it. The emigration to the westward, however, from the eastern states, attractive as the banks of the Ohio may be, and however fruitful and proportionably cheap the lands there may prove, shews that mal-administration in the eastern parts occasions these removals. Mankind, in general, love, above all things, their home, and the great proportion of them are no more subjected to the eccentric fascinations of an heated fancy, than inclined to the wandering life of an adventurer.

CHAP. XXII.

Continuation of the historical sketch....Federalists and anti-federalists.....Aristocrats.....Democrats....English and French parties....Genet....Brandy revolution.

I now return to the events which have happened since the introduction of the federal constitution. I shall notice only the most important; and the first thing to be remarked is the rise of two parties. The opposers of this constitution were called anti-federalists, although they were properly federalists, inasmuch as they wished to adhere to the former

confederacy, which, by the new constitution was changed, on the contrary, into a single government. Both parties, however, assumed upon the French revolution a new shape. The anti-federalists were changed into democrats, the federalists into aristocrats; which, however, they disavow, and adhere to the other, as a more popular name. The democrats are of course French-minded, while the others incline sympathetically to the side of England. In the southern states, that is, in Georgia, the two Carolinas, Tenessee, Kentuckey, and especially in Virginia, the majority is democratic French, South-Carolina perhaps excepted, where as the democrats say, there is much aristocratic leaven prevailing: but north of the river Potowmack the English and aristocratic party has the upperhand. In general, the democratic party consists of people overloaded rather with debts, than with the good things of this world, to the sweets of which they are at the same time very far from indifferent, and who in the ruins of a revolution, hope to snatch up their share of the possessions of the wealthy, and then to turn aristocrats themselves. The drunkards, gamesters, unsuccessful speculators, bankrupts, and those who have ruined themselves by debauchery, belong, with few exceptions, to this party. This is what makes it so strong to the southward, where an extravagant way of living generally involves people in debt. Those who have applied to the government for offices, but have not obtained them, are of course democrats. Thus one Bache, a grandson of Franklin, published a violent democratic news-paper at Philadelphia, because he would fain have been post-master-general, but was disappointed in his expectation. Before that time he published, it is said, an aristocratic paper. He calls his gazette the *Aurora*, to signify the dawn of freedom, according to his taste. There appears, in New-York, another democratic paper called the Argus. These are the two most important vehicles of democratic bitterness in America. The Aurora, however, has no small merit, both in point of matter and of style; the transactions of the war in Europe are discussed in it with much penetration. But the best part of the American people belong likewise to the democratic party, namely, those who are opposed to the bank and trading interest, who wish to see agriculture and industry more encouraged, and who think a closer connection with England would be dangerous, and would mark an ingratitude to France disgraceful to the national honour: in a word, the good patriots, who perceive in the constitution and in the measures of government many defects, and would wish to have them removed. These, however, are the moderate democrats, for the most part, independent people, who, in case of a revolution, would certainly be the victims of the raging democrats above described.

The party of the aristocrats consists of those who have possessions and wish to see them secured against the French stormers of property. They carry on a defensive, the democrats an offensive war. They have found against the latter a faithful ally in the English government, which probably helps them underhand with subsidies, and thus enables them to strengthen their party. Besides this, the commercial existence of so many merchants is so thoroughly dependent upon England, whence they receive goods upon credit, that they are obliged to join the party which favours England. In New-England, perhaps the expiring light of a flaming religious zeal may increase the aversion of the presbyterians against the French, on account of their atheism, this, however, is uncertain. On the other hand, the methodists and other fanatical sects are known as severe republicans. It is well known that the quakers were always devoted to England. The Americans, however, are accustomed to separate politics and religion; so that the political parties among them, are not, as in England under Charles the first, at the same time, religious factions. It may be observed, however, that the deists and atheists are almost universally devoted to democracy. When I speak of American deists and atheists, I mean thereby people who give themselves out for such, and who, without concerning themselves much about the theories of these doctrines, live conformably to their practice....They may be called empiric deists and atheists.

But nothing contributed to render the federal party anti-Gallican aristocrats, so much as the conduct of the French minister Genet. He landed at Charleston, because he well knew that in the southern states, the French cause had the most partizans. He there caused privateers to be fitted out; issued proclamations; attempted even to levy troops, without condescending to pay the smallest attention to the government of the United States. What government would patiently suffer itself to be treated with so much contempt? He travelled very slowly from Charleston to Philadelphia; this had a suspicious appearance; and seemed to indicate a design to make himself a party in the southern states. In Philadelphia he was always surrounded by ill-bred young men, and gave offence, by breaking through all public decency. He declared in public, that France did not wish America to engage in the war, and secretly caballed to produce a rupture with England. The Americans cannot be blamed for not having been willing to sacrifice the great advantages of neutrality, merely for the honour of fighting for the French. There was, in this point of view extreme injustice on the part of the French.

The mountain party recalled Genet, whom the Girondists had sent, and in his stead sent a young man by the name of Fauchet, who conducted himself more prudently.

About this time broke out, in 1794, the brandy-revolution in the western part of Pennsylvania, not far from Pittsburg. Deep-laid causes of this event have been pretended to be discovered, and a great show of penetration has been made about it. At one time England is held forth as fomenting these disturbances, in order to produce, in America, another Vendee; at another, France, in order to produce a democratic revolution. There is, however, nothing mysterious in this event, and it was very natural that brandy drinkers, without money, called upon to pay an excise upon their favourite liquor, should make a noise. The thing was in itself very insignificant too; but the federal or government party, led by Mr. Hamilton, then minister of finance, took advantage of the circumstance with great address, and succeeded, by magnifying the danger of the insurrection, to collect together fifteen thousand men in arms, in a country, where the people march into the field, not when they are ordered, but when they please. The government thus frightened the French party by shewing them how numerous its supporters were. At the same time it exhibited to foreign nations a consolidated power, with a considerable armed force at the first wink at its command. Thirdly, it cast an odious light upon the democrats devoted to France, and upon the French government itself, by representing these disturbances as connected with the machinations of Genet. The insurrection did in fact break out at a time when the diplomatic incivilities of Genet were fresh in the memory; and of course could not but strengthen the bad effects of this offence against the American people, in the person of the rulers whom it had chosen. Genet must necessarily have acted according to his instructions, which would doubtless exhibit a new proof of the contempt which the French entertain towards all nations, except the English, who alone enjoy the honour of their hatred.

The lawyers, who are chiefly inclined to aristocracy, composed the cavalry in this expedition against the brandy-drinkers. It was, however, seen that the American militia had not, since their war for independence, in the smallest degree laid aside their bad habits. The colonels, the captains, &c. hired others to take their places; and the latter slipped away from the army, as soon as they were to fall upon the insurgents, from whom resistance was expected. The army once flew to arms, to fight against one another, while the generals were drunk, and fell to quarreling....The expedition likewise cost large sums, and was accomplished without bloodshed.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

THE lover of Dr. PERCY's Reliques of Ancient Poetry will relish every thing that savours of the simplicity of the old English ballad. A translation of a Spanish ballad, which begins, "*Rio verde, rio verde,*" or "*Glassy water, glassy water,*" has given a hint to the ingenious author of "Tales of Terror," who appears to be equally happy in the pathetic or ludicrous style. We will venture to predict, that the *sentimental misses* will sit up to weep over this mournful ballad, at least as long as we did to transcribe it.

GONZALVO,

A SPANISH BALLAD.

.....Infelix indelibata reliquit,
Oscula et abrupto flendus amore cadit.....MILTON.

See! yon knight of Calatrava,
All his vesture stain'd with gore,
Faintly beat the curling waters,
Now he breathless gains the shore!

'Twas the haughty renegado,
Met the chief in yonder wood;
'Twas his coward rival's poignard
Drank the unarm'd hero's blood.

Long had love enslaved Bujeya,
Long had vengeance fired his heart,
Long he lurk'd amid the thicket,
Sudden on his foe to dart.

Here the moor had forced Gonzalvo
Gasping to resign his breath;
But the pitying Guadalquiver
Bore him from the stroke of death.

On the wave-wash'd bank reclining,
See him cast his eyes around;
Now he drops his head despairing,
Now he gazes on the wound.

In his breast with restless fury,
Agony's dark surges roll;
What are wounds that pierce the body,
To the pangs that rend the soul?

When he thinks of fierce Bujaya,
Kindling wrath his bosom warms;
When he thinks on Antonina,
Memory saddens on her charms.

Long the flame of pure affection
In his generous breast has burn'd;
True he lov'd the beauteous maiden,
True his love the maid return'd.

A short gleam of transient pleasure
Faint illumes his languid eyes,
As, from yonder shade advancing,
Almorand the knight espies.

"Oh! what means this sight, my master?"
Cries the page, distress'd with fears,
"All your features speak your sorrow,
All your cheek is wet with tears!

"See! the streams of gore descending
All around your garments stain;
Who could wound so brave a warrior,
Who could kill the pride of Spain?"

"'Tis the moor!" exclaim'd Gonzalvo,
'Tis through him these pangs I prove;
He has stabb'd my aching bosom,
He has torn me from my love.

"From my love! oh! think what anguish
Now my heart-strings ruthless tears;
Yet, when life has left my body,
Bear these accents to her ears.

"Quick I'll haste to speak my wishes,
While kind heaven my life prolongs;
Tell her all the hapless story,
Tell her all my cruel wrongs.

"Bid her curse the moorish city,
Which has rear'd my dastard foe;
Bid her curse the moorish chieftain,
Who has laid her lover low.

"Let her frowns dismay his bosom,
Let her all his vows despise;
Let her blast his hopes forever
With the lightning of her eyes.

"Beg, oh beg her not to blot me
From the tablet of her brain;
Let the name of dead Gonzalvo
In her memory still remain.

"And if e'er by chance she wanders,
Near this winding river's side;
If these last sad words she values,
Bid her thank the pitying tide.

"To some nobler worthier suitor,
Let her heart its vows transfer;
Heavens! what years of rapturous pleasure
Did I think to spend with her.

"What gay scenes did Hope depicture!
What bright joys did Fancy shew!
Joys now sunk and lost forever,
In the dark abyss of woe.

"I shall ne'er more taste her kisses,
Ne'er more taste her balmy breath;
I must leave her warm embraces,
For the cold embrace of death.

"Yes! I feel his icy touches,
Nature fades upon my sight;
Thick before my aching vision
Floats the mist of endless night.

"A chill numbness lulls my tortures;
All my pangs at once subside!"
Instant sunk the bleeding hero,
Gasp'd his mistress' name, and died.

—

I shall not very soon tire of copying ballads from the "Tales of Terror." They are the legitimate offspring of genius. We are conducted by a versatile guide, sometimes into the vale of tears, and sometimes into the hall of mirth. But let him lead us where he will, we cheerfully follow, and always find ourselves with a sensible and tuneful companion. I am half inclined to suspect that Mr. LEWIS himself is the concealed author. We know that he brilliantly travestied his own ballad, *Alonzo, the Brave*, and it is probable that in this collection he is *alter et idem*.

HRIM THOR,

OR, THE WINTER KING.

A LAPLAND BALLAD.

Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court,
Here the dread tyrant, meditates his wrath,
Throned in his palace of cerulean ice...THOMSON.

The moon shone bright on Lapland snows,
When grim the Winter King arose;
His icy cave he left with speed,
And summoned straight his fiend-born steed:

....."Oh! haste, my steed, o'er marsh and plain!
I burn yon beauteous maid to gain;
Oh! haste, my steed, to Sargen's gate,
Where Tura weeps her lover's fate."....

Full swift he donn'd his armour bright,
And mounts, a young and comely knight.
The steed sped on, o'er marsh and plain,
The beauteous damsel to obtain.

He quickly sped, and reach'd the gate,
Where Tura wept her lover's fate.
She curs'd her charms, which caused the fight,
That tore her Asgar from her sight.

...."Oh! list thee, lady, list to me!
Full many a day I've sought for thee;
Oh! listen, lady, banish fear,
Thy lover's trusty friend is here."

Then sigh'd the damsel fair and bright,
...."I have no lover, courteous knight,
My Asgar lies on yonder plain,
By Hacho fierce in combat slain."

"Oh! no, fair lady, haste with me!
I soon will show thy love to thee!
In Larno's caves he wounded lies,
Oh! haste e'er life his bosom flies."

Then sigh'd the lady fair and bright,
"My mind misgives me, courteous knight,
For Asgar lies on yonder plain,
By Hacho fierce in combat slain."

"Oh! list thee, lady, list to me,
These tokens sends thy love to thee;
These bells so fair, these rings so bright,
Which erst you gave with fond delight."

He shew'd her tokens one and two,
"Lovely maid, he waits for you!"
He shew'd her tokens two and three,
"Lovely maiden, go with me."

Then spake the lady fair and bright,
"Forgive my doubtings, courteous knight,
Let weal or woe this breast betide,
O'er hill and dale with thee I'll ride."

Full sure the demon spreads his snare,
The eager maid descends the stair,
Anon they mount the panting steed,
And swift o'er hill and valley speed.

As through the forest quick they dart,
With joy bounds high the fiend's proud heart;
Ah! little thought the lady bright,
She clasp'd the cruel Winter sprite.

Now cried the maiden with dismay,
As swift the steed pursued his way,
"And must we up yon mountain go,
Whose sides are heap'd with drifted snow?"

"There lies our road," the sprite replied,
"The way is drear, but I'm your guide;
Then hush your throbbing heart's alarms,
I'll give you to your lover's arms!"

The desert wild the moonbeams show,
White glares around the glist'ning snow,
The fiend spurs on his steed amain,
Whose hoofs ring on the frozen plain.

Now swifter, swifter on they ride,
And reach the mountain's snow clad side;
The plunging steed, without delay,
Through drifted heaps pursues his way.

"Oh! stop your horse, my feet are chill,
The snow is deep, and high the hill."
"Now hush your throbbing hearts alarms,
I'll give you to your lover's arms."

"Oh stop, thou eager guide, for see
The rising coldness numbs my knee."
"Now hush your throbbing heart's alarms,
I'll give thee to thy lover's arms."

"Stop! stop! for God's sake, stop, for oh!
My breast is chill'd with circling snow."
"Now vain your fears and wild alarms,
You feel your lover's icy arms!"

Now shrieks the maid with wild affright,
While loud exults the Winter sprite;

The moon grows dark, the night grows foul,
Thick snows descend, and tempests howl.

Afar the fiends hoarse yells resound,
As round the maid his arms he wound;
Afar are borne the maiden's cries.
By warring blasts that rend the skies.

But ere she sunk beheath the snows,
Her Asgar's ghastly shade arose;
He bared his bosom, streak'd with gore,
And sigh'd, "sweet love, we meet no more!"

Now loud are heard the maiden's cries,
But louder blasts and tempests rise;
And when the tempests ceas'd to roar,
The maiden's cries were heard no more.

Take warning hence, ye damsels fair,
Of men's insidious arts beware,
Believe not every courteous knight,
Lest he should prove a Winter Sprite.

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Nothing in lyric poetry is read, among the upper class of American scholars, with more enthusiasm, or quoted with more praise, than Dryden's Ode. It is periodically recited in our theatres, it is perpetually quoted in conversation. Its energy, harmony, sublimity, are never questioned. Men view it as possessing such a prescriptive title to veneration, that it would be considered arrogant to *hint* a fault, or *hesitate* dislike. For myself, I should not presume to blame any part of an elegant whole, which, from its grandeur and magnificence, has so often in the literary hour produced the most pleasurable emotions. But all are not so easily pleased, and a rigid critic has lately thus stated his objections in the court of criticism.

If a foreigner were to ask an Englishman for the best specimen of lyric poetry in the English language, I have no doubt but that he would be presented with Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day. This celebrated piece is supposed to have reached the pinnacle of excellence, to have surpassed Horace, and rivalled Pindar.

An ode could never have been so universally renowned, without intrinsic and extraordinary merit. Its beauties have been felt, as well as understood. The heart and the ear have decided in its favour, previously to the determination of the judgment. I acknowledge and admire its excellence; but I must be so far guilty of poetical detraction as to say, that its merit appears to me to to have been over-rated, and that, in my opinion, it is not the best ode in the language.

There are blemishes in it, which sully the lustre of its beauties; there are lownesses in it, which degrade its sublimity; there are vulgarities of expression, which at once destroy its elegance, and debilitate its pathos.

The plan is excellent, the spirit noble, and my chief objection is to the choice of words, which, according to all the rules of criticism, and the dictates of natural taste, should be peculiarly delicate in the ode.

The word "belyed," in the line

"A dragon's fiery form belyed the God,"

is beneath the dignity of the serious lyric, and inconsistent with the sublime idea of the God of heaven and earth metamorphosed to the fiery form of a dragon.

His "stamping an image of himself," as he was then in the image of a dragon, conveys to a careless reader the idea of his having stamped a dragon.

Bacchus is represented, at least to the mind of a mere English reader, in a manner unknown to classical antiquity:

Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shews his honest face.

These lines exhibit the picture of a drunken sot, with bloated cheeks and a red nose; though the poet himself has just described the god as "Ever

fair and ever young." The line, "He shews his honest face," is in a style so familiar and colloquial, as to militate against the dignity and matron-like decorum of the lyric muse. Honest, indeed, in its truly classical signification, is a very elegant expression, synonimous with beautiful; but not one English reader in a hundred understands the epithet any otherwise than as it is often applied to a drunkard, or *bon vivant*, when he is called an honest fellow, that is, a jolly bacchanalian. It was a reason against Dryden's using this epithet, even if he intended it in its classical sense, that it was sure to be misunderstood by the majority of his readers. Virgil, speaking of Bacchus, says

"Quocunque Deus caput egit honestum,"

And Dryden probably had this very line in his view; but "honest," in this classical sense, is not yet naturalized in England, and therefore it was injudicious in Dryden to use it. "Honest" conveys the idea of a mere good-humoured plumpness of face, a broad grinning mirth; whereas the old classics speak of Bacchus, as remarkable for the delicacy of his countenance. They attribute to him the *virginea forma et virgineum caput:* not the immutable rubicundity, and stupid fatness of a brandy-faced landlady.

Dryden was a remarkably good classic, and could not but know the mode, in which Bacchus is delineated by the poets; therefore there is every reason to think, that he chose the epithet "honest," intending to display his classical knowledge and taste; and had he written to none but classical scholars, his epithet would have been applauded, without one dissentient voice; but to the common reader it gives an image very different, from that which existed in the poet's mind. It exhibits such a Bacchus, as we see dangling from a country sign-post, astride on a tun. It disgraces the ode, and renders it little better than a song, roared by a club of sots in an alehouse.

The other lines

Drinking joys did first ordain,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;

are coarsely expressed, and more characteristic of Tom D'Urfey, than of Pindar.

The greater part of the subsequent ode is either truly pathetic, or sublime. Yet I cannot admire in an ode, said to equal or surpass every thing in lyric sublimity and grace, such lines as

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving *bellows* learn'd to blow,

the bellows being a culinary machine, strikes the ear with a vulgar sound, and the mind with a vulgar idea. The poet should have spoken of the bellows by an elegant periphrasis, or some name removed from plebeian use. The bellows, in this place, if I may be allowed a frigid joke, blows out much of the poetic fire.

The creeping Alexandrine

"With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before."

is flat and prosaic. "Mother-wit" is a term, which the sublime muse of the lyre, in her better judgement, would not have adopted.

But I recollect the censure that has justly fallen on Zoilus, and on all the race of hypercritics: I recollect also the trite idea of finding spots in the sun. I must therefore apologize to the reader for the liberty I have taken with this celebrated ode, by declaring that I do not mean to deny that it possesses a very high rank; but only to controvert its claim to the highest rank among the lyric poems of England.

Gray, as a poet of the lyre, appears to me to be more uniformly grand and majestic. The mind is elevated by him to etherial regions, and soars with eagle flight, without being obliged to fall from its eminence, like the son of Dædalus. Gray wins his way on high, like a glorious luminary, all stately, all regularly magnificent; Dryden rises like an air balloon, which now and then breaks, and tumbles precipitately down, contrary to the intention of the conductor of it, and to the great mortification of the gaping spectator.

The above strictures may expose me to the anger of the irritable sons of Aristarchus. I shall only observe, that on literary subjects, like these, though there may be reason for dissent, I cannot see any occasion for the bitterness of malice.

—

It is well known that W. Gifford, Esq. is a fond admirer of the writings of Pope. But it is not so generally known, that Mr. Pope's poetical reputation has of late been more violently assailed by an acrimonious carper, than it was by all the personal prejudices of the scribblers, lashed in the Dunciad. One Weston, a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, took it into his head to disturb the ashes of Pope, and absurdly to condemn, what all had agreed to praise.

Indignant at this unmerited calumny, Mr. Gifford, an undaunted and accomplished defender, has undertaken to overthrow a miserable scribbler, and to vindicate a brilliant genius, in the following animated lines, which are as caustic as the satire of Churchill.

Weston, who slunk from Truth's imperious light,
Swells, like a filthy toad, with secret spite,
And envying the fair fame he cannot hope,
Spits his black venom at the dust of Pope.
Reptile accurs'd!.....O memorable long,
If there be force in virtue, or in song.
O injur'd bard! accept the grateful strain,
That I, the humblest of the tuneful train,
With glowing heart, yet trembling hand repay,
For many a pensive, many a sprightly lay:
So may thy varied verse, from age to age,
Inform the simple, and delight the sage!
While canker'd Weston, and his loathsome rhymes,
Stink in the nose of all succeeding times.

—

One of the most literary of my friends, who has a relish for wit and humour, as well as an *Oxonian's* skill in the classics, bade me last evening look among the minor poems of Warton, and take care to preserve in my motley miscellany, a

PROLOGUE

ON THE OLD WINCHESTER PLAY-HOUSE, OVER THE BUTCHER'S SHAMBLES.

Whoe'er our stage examines, must excuse
The wond'rous shifts of the dramatic muse;
Then kindly listen, while the prologue rambles,
From wit to beef, from Shakspeare to the shambles.
Divided only by one flight of stairs,
The monarch swaggers, and the butcher swears.
Quick the transition, when the curtain drops,
From mock Momimia's moans to mutton chops.
While for Lothario's loss Calista cries,
Old women scold, and dealers d—n your eyes.
Here Juliet listens to the gentle lark,
There in harsh chorus hungry bull dogs bark.
Cleavers and scymitars give blow for blow,
And heroes bleed above, and sheep below.
While tragic thunders shake the pit and box,
Rebellows to the roar the staggering ox.
Cow horns and trumpets mix their martial tones,
Kidneys and kings, mouthing and marrow bones.
Suet and sighs, blank verse and blood abound,
And form a tragi-comedy around.
With weeping lovers dying calves complain,
Confusion reigns... *Chaos is come again.*
Hither your steelyards, butchers, bring to weigh
The pound of flesh Antonio's bond must pay.
Hither your knives, ye Christians, clad in blue,
Bring to be whetted by the ruthless Jew.
Hard is our lot, who, seldom doomed to eat,
Cast a *sheep's eye* on this forbidden meat.
Gaze on sirloins, which, ah! we cannot carve,
And in the midst of legs of mutton. ..starve.
B ut would you to our house in crouds repair,
Ye generous patrons and ye blooming fair,
The fate of Tantalus we should not fear,
Nor pine for a repast that is so near.
Monarchs no more would supperless remain,
Nor pregnant queens for cutlets long in vain.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO

AN ESSAY

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

Nicholas Boileau Despreaux, was born at Paris, on the first of November, 1636, fifteen years after Molière, fourteen after La Fontaine, and three years before Racine. Thus these four great men, who have rendered French literature so illustrious, and have secured to it that high degree of estimation and glory which it has attained in all polished nations, published nearly at the same time those master-pieces, which stand unrivalled among the Moderns. He was the eleventh child of Giles Boileau, clerk of the high court of Parliament, a man whose rare probity, and consummate experience in business, procured him universal esteem. His childhood gave no indications of that pre-eminence which he afterwards attained. Extreme mildness, candour, and amiable simplicity, were the most prominent traits in his character; and his father was wont to say of him, that "he was a good lad, who would never speak ill of any body."

Born in the metropolis, and possessing a father, who was sensible of the necessity of a good education, and justly appreciated its advantages; he had the good fortune, from his infancy, to receive the instructions of the best masters. Consequently, his progress was as rapid as it was brilliant. He soon distinguished himself at the college de Harcourt, where he commenced his studies, and hardly had he entered the fourth class, when a grievous malady threatened his life. He was attacked by the stone; it was necessary to make an incision, and this operation, although performed with skill, was followed by a painful indisposition which terminated but with his life.

As soon as the state of his health permitted him to resume his studies, he was placed at the college of Beauvais. He was there confided to the care of M. Sevin, a man of rare merit, who very successfully instructed the third class, during a period of fifty years; and, possessed in the highest degree, the talent of judging of the capacity of his pupils; and of giving that direction to their genius, which nature had indicated. This Professor, whose memory we revere, soon discovered in his pupil extraordinary talents; and predicted his future pre-eminence among poets.

After Despréaux had finished his course of belles-lettres and philosophy, he studied the civil law, and was admitted to the bar. A profession, in the exercise of which, it is necessary to draw forth all the resources of the mind, either for the purpose of decking falsehood with the colours of truth, or of gaining for truth a triumph over the illusions of falsehood; could not be compatible with his natural candour, and still less with his taste for peace and retirement. He therefore renounced a profession repugnant to his principles and inclination. The study of theology seemed to present fewer inconveniences, and to promise him more satisfaction and repose. He commenced it with ardour; but soon did he experience similar disgust. How could a mind so enlightened, a judgment so profound, relish a science envelloped in words, the abuse of which was an inexhaustible source of controversey;—a science buried in the subtleties and obscurity of barbarous pedantry! for theology at that period was not what it now is; the science of morality and of the christian dogmas. Disgusted also with this study, he renounced the project of embracing a profession; and thus restored to himself, he resolved to follow the impulse of his genius.

Although at this period the celebrated provincial letters, had established the language, and brought prose to perfection; although the master-

pieces of Corneille, had rendered the French theatre the rival of that of Athens; and Malherbe, Roucou and other poets, had subjected poetry to the laws of rhyme, of cadence and of harmony; although true eloquence had displayed itself with splendour in the pulpit and at the bar, and the limits prescribed to each of its species began to be known and respected; still was France far from that elevated point of literary glory, at which she was destined to arrive. A crowd of authors, of whom but few rose above mediocrity, and many grovelled below it; still infected literature, and opposed the progress of taste, and of learning. The false taste, which had prevailed during the regency of Mary de Medicis, and was for a long time predominant, admired and sanctioned at the hotels of Rambouillet and Longueville; was still the reigning taste at the court, in the city, and in the provinces. Those simple graces of stile, which never fail to charm and to delight, were little known, or at least but little felt: nothing was praised but the extravagant, the glittering and the false.

Born with a penetrating mind, possessing a delicate and refined taste, and actuated by a fervid love of truth; Despréaux no sooner discovered those corruptions of true taste, than he resolved to attack them with the weapons of reason and of ridicule. This he so successfully performed in his first satires, that all his shafts pierced, and from that moment it was easy to forsee, the prompt and brilliant revolution which was soon to be exhibited in the regions of literature.

He at first contented himself with the recital of his satires, in the presence of a small circle of chosen friends; they made too vivid and deep an impression on the minds of the auditory to be forgotten; and some spurious copies were circulated in the capital, and thence passed in a mutilated state into the collections of that period. Despréaux, incensed at the injustice he experienced from the malice of his enemies, or from the ignorance or the stupidity of the booksellers, at length determined to publish them, The first edition, which appeared in 1666, contained the first seven satires and the address to the king. This small collection was received with the applause which it so highly merited. "It is," as Mr. De la Harpe so justly observes, "the first poetical work, in which we find a perfect knowledge of the mechanism of French versification, a diction uniformly elegant and pure; and in which the ear and the language have been constantly respected.

So long as the circulation of these satires was confined to a few select societies, the authors whom they attacked, and their declared patrons were silent. Vainly did they hope, that their silence would blunt the shafts of ridicule, and even bury the satires in oblivion. But as soon as they appeared in print, those men attacked the author with all the violence of fury, and all the malignity of hatred. They loaded him with calumny, and circulated the most atrocious libels against him. Such have always been the resources of base envy, and of humiliated vanity. To them truth is as odious, as is the light of the sun to the bird of night; they leave no effort untried to veil it in obscurity. Despréaux, calm amidst all those attacks, still felt an obligation to defend himself. He did so, but with the moderation which formed so prominent a trait in his character. In his defence he alledged the example of Lucilius, of Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and even that of the discreet Virgil. At length his ninth satire appeared, in which ingeniuously feigning to apply severe censure to himself, he satisfactorily proves that without committing a crime either against the state or against conscience, we may declare that bad verses are *bad;* be wearied with the perusal of certain books, and even divulge the reasons of our disgust.

This satire, which in the opinion of Mr. Dela Harpe, is a master-piece of satirical gaiety, and a model of ingenious raillery; increased the reputation of Despréaux, and secured to him the esteem and friendship of the most respectable persons in Paris: and of all those who had acquired celebrity in the departments of literature; Cossart, Rapin, Courmire, Bourdaloue, Flechier, were ardently attached to him; Arnauld and Nicole, those illustrious men, whose very names proclaim their eulogy, prized his friendship and esteemed it as reflecting honour on themselves; the great Condé, the celebrated cardinal de Retz, and the duke de la Rochefoucault, distinguished him by the most flattering attentions, and honoured him with their patronage. Moliere, la Fontaine and Racine formed in conjunction with him a society cemented by the most sincere and ardent friendship, and the most perfect esteem and confidence. Equally flattering to Despréaux was the approbation of the first president Lamoignon. That wise and learned magistrate, whose friendship was a protecting shield; honoured him with peculiar esteem. Far from being alarmed at the title of satire, which the works of Despréaux bore, he was delighted to find in them that precious taste for ancient authors; and particularly to perceive that he had subjected to the laws of the most scrupulous chastity, a species of poetry, the licentiousness of which had, till then, formed its most prominent characteristic. Those great men ceased not to admire the uniformly pure taste, the prompt and delicate discernment, the justness and accuracy of expression, the piquant simplicity, the unaffected graces, the admirable dexterity with which he wielded the arms of raillery and of ridicule; and especially, the perfection to which he had so suddenly brought poetry; perfection, of which some verses of Malherbe, Roucou and the great Corneille, had afforded a faint image; but whose complete attainment was reserved to Despréaux. For according to the sentiment of Mr. De la Harpe, "Despréaux first taught us to select the appropriate expression, to place it with propriety in verse, by a judicious arrangement, to give to words their full force and value, to elevate and dignify the most minute details, to avoid redundancy, irregular construction, a vulgar style, to reject all ambiguous and prosaic expressions, to give cadence to the poetical period and to suspend and vary it, to derive advantage from cæsura, and finally to employ figures with prudence, and select them with delicate discrimination. Corneille and Molière had composed works of genius, for genuis is always the harbinger of truth; but Despréaux who was incapable of producing such works as the Cid and the Misanthrope, was peculiarly qualified to give to the French language what it still wanted, a perfect system of versification."

This Despréaux accomplished in his art of poetry, which was composed immediately after his ninth satire, but he deferred the publication with a view of obtaining and deriving advantage from the advice and observations of his friends. This master-piece of versification and of taste, in which our poet has risen superior to Horace, Aristotle and Vida, was received with transport, and universally admired. The admiration of men of taste, was not less excited by the beauty of the thoughts and of the style, than by the art with which the precepts are connected, and presented to the reader, in a form which attaches, and captivates him. "This excellent composition," says Mr. De la Harpe, "one of the most splendid monuments of our language, proves that sound criticism is the appendage of genuine talents; and that those alone who are capable of furnishing models, are qualified to give instruction. Let the votaries of Parnassus, study the art of poetry of the French Horace; there will they find, delineated by a masterly hand, the elements of all the beauties worthy of imitation, and those of the imperfections which they ought to avoid: it is a perfect system of legislation, whose operation is uniformly just; an imprescriptible code, whose decisions will always serve as unerring guides to our censure and to our applause. In no instance has the author better displayed the exquisite judgment with which nature had endowed him. Those persons who have studied the art of composition, can attest the forcible impressions, they have received from the superior talent which shines throughout this production; the verses of which are as happily conceived, as they are elegantly written; and have long since become the axioms of good taste. Such was the success of this admirable treatise, that its precepts were received as law, not only in France, but in many foreign countries." By it was modern Italy instructed how to check her extravagant flights of imagination; and perhaps to it does England owe the correct and pure taste which characterised the authors who flourished during the reign of queen Anne. This brilliant production, first appeared in the edition of his works, which Despréaux published in 1673.

(To be continued.)

POLITICS.

Review of the Speech of the Right Honourable William Windham, delivered in the House of Commons, November 4, 1801, on the Report of an Address to the Throne, approving of the Preliminaries of Peace with the Republic of France.

[CONCLUDED.]

TO return from this digression:....Mr. Windham observes that "we are become of a sudden great *hopers*. We *hope* the French will have no inclination to hurt us;—we *hope*, now peace is come, and the pressure of war, as it is called, taken off, that the French empire will fall a prey to dissentions, and finally fall to pieces, &c."

Alas, *our* fears are greater than our *hopes*; we fear, that on the temple of Peace which we have entered the same inscription might with propriety be put as Dante put on the gate of a very different place;

Lasciate ogni *speranza* voi, ch'entrate.

"But," says Mr. W. "we have another hope, founded on rather a contrary supposition, namely, that Buonaparte, now that he is a king himself,.... and a king he is so far as power can make one,.... will no longer be an encourager of those absurd and mischievous doctrines, which, however, they may have helped him to the throne, will be as little pleasing to him, now that he is fairly seated there, as to any the most legitimate monarch. Sir, I agree, that Buonaparte, like other demagogues and friends of the people, having deluded and gulled the people sufficiently to make them answer his purpose, will be ready enough to teach them a different lesson, and to forbid the use of that language towards himself, which he had before instructed them in, as perfectly proper towards others. Never was there any one, to be sure, who used less management in that respect; or who left all the admirers of the French revolution, within and without,—all the admirers of it, I mean, as a system of liberty,—in a more whimsical and laughable situation. Every opinion for which they have been contending, is now completely trodden down, and trampled under foot, and held out in France to the greatest possible contempt and derision. The honourable gentlemen *on the opposition benches* have really great reason to complain of having been so completely left in the lurch. There is not even a decent retreat provided for them.

"But though such is the treatment, which the principles of "the Rights of Man," and of the "Holy Duty of Insurrection," meet with in France,

and on the part of him who should be their natural protector, it is by no means the same, with respect to the encouragement which he may choose to give them in other countries. Though they use none of these goods in France for home consumption, they have always a large assortment by them ready for foreign markets. Their Jacobin orators are not to be looked for in the clubs at Paris, but in the clubs of London. There, they may talk of *cashiering kings*, with other language of that sort: but should any orator more flippant than the rest choose to hold forth in that strain, in the city where the Great Consul resides, in the metropolis of liberty, he would soon put him to silence, in the way that we see adopted in the sign of the Silent Woman. Buonaparte, being vested, in virtue of the Rights of Man, with despotic power, can afford to sanction the preaching of those doctrines in other countries, of which he will not suffer the least whisper in his own. While he is at the head of an absolute monarchy in France, he may be the promoter and champion of jacobin insurrections every where else. The abject as well as wicked nature of jacobinism in this country, which, while it would rebel against the lawful authority of its own government, is willing to enslave itself to France, finds no difficulty of allowing to him these two opposite characters: and I know no reason why we should suppose him disinclined to accept them.

"I must confess, therefore, that I see as little hope for us on this side, as I do on the other. In fact, if I could believe, in spite of all probability, that there was any remission of that purpose, which has never yet ceased for an instant,—the purpose of destroying this country,—such belief, however produced, must be instantly done away by a view of the conduct of France, in the settlement of this very treaty. There is not a line of it, that does not either directly point to the destruction of this country, or, by a course a little circuitous, but not less certain, equally tend to the same object."

Mr. W. proceeds to prove that the cessions which were so peremptorily insisted upon by Buonaparte could not have been demanded from any other motive than a desire to ruin this country.—He underates, however, the extent of that encouragement which the first Consul is desirous to give "to those absurd and mischievous doctrines" which have the destruction of royalty for their object. For even in Paris these doctrines are tolerated: as will appear from the following passage extracted from a book published at Paris, during the negociations between Lord Hawkesbury and Citizen Otto;—"*telle a toujours été l'extravagance et l'Injustice des* SOUVERAINS, *de voir les peuples confiés à leur governement, comme un bien propre dont ils pouvoient disposer*"..."Such have *ever* been the extravagance and injustice of Sovereigns, that they have regarded the people entrusted to their government, as their absolute property, of which they could dispose at their pleasure."....Such is the language encouraged by the *Anti-Jacobin* Buonaparte, who has the effrontery to complain of the freedom of the British press, and, if we mistake not, to have instructed his *citizen-minister* in this country, to remonstrate against all reflections on his *immaculate* person, and *perfect* government!....Englishmen, Heaven knows! are degraded enough, but still not so degraded as to submit to the tyrannical mandate of a foreign usurper, who has no title to *power* but *possession*; and no claim to respect but such as the prince of darkness might enforce from his attendant demons!

The orator, in comparing the conduct and designs of the French in respect of this country, with those of the Romans in respect of Carthage....a comparison be it remembered first made by the revolutionary hero *Barrere*....pays a just compliment to these turbulent republicans.

"This was at least the conduct of a great people (the Romans): a people not to be put aside from their purposes by every transient blast of fortune. They had vowed the destruction of Carthage; and they never rested from their design, till they had seen it finally accomplished. The emulators of their fortune in the present day, are, in no less a degree, the emulators of their virtues; at least of those qualities, whatever they may be, that give to man a command over his fellows. When I look at the conduct of the French Revolutionary rulers, as compared with that of their opponents; when I see the grandeur of their designs; the wisdom of their plans; the steadiness of their execution; their boldness in acting; their constancy in enduring; their contempt of small obstacles and temporary embarrassments; their inflexible determination to perform such and such things; and the powers which they have displayed, in acting up to that determination! when I contrast these with the narrow views, the paltry interests, the occasional expedients, the desultory and wavering conduct, the want of all right feeling and just conception, that characterize so generally the governments and nations opposed to them, I confess I sink down in despondency, and am fain to admit, that if they shall have conquered the world, it will be by qualities by which they deserve to conquer it. Never were there persons who could shew a fairer title to the inheritance which they claim. The great division of mankind made by a celebrated philosopher of old, into those who were formed to govern, and those who were born only to obey, was never more strongly exemplified than by the French nation, and those who have sunk, or are sinking, under their yoke. Let us not suppose, therefore, that while these qualities combined with these purposes shall continue to exist, they will never cease, by night or by day, in peace or in war, to work their natural effect,....to gravitate towards their proper centre; or that the bold, the proud, the dignified, the determined, those who *will* great things, and will stake their existence upon the accomplishment of what they have *willed*, shall not finally prevail over those, who act upon the very opposite feelings; who will "never push their resistance beyond their convenience;" who ask for nothing but ease and safety; who look only to stave off the evil for the present day, and will take no heed of what may befal them on the morrow. We *are* therefore, in effect, at war at this moment: and the only question is, whether the war, that will from henceforward proceed under the name of peace, is likely to prove less operative and fatal, than that which has hitherto appeared in its natural and ordinary shape. That such is our state, is confessed by the authors themselves of the present treaty, in the measures which they feel it necessary to recommend to the house. When did we ever hear before of a large military establishment necessary to be kept up in time of peace? The fact is, that we know that we are not at peace; not such as is fit to be so called, nor that in which we might hope to sit down, for some time at least, in confidence and security, in the free and undisturbed enjoyment of the blessings which we possess. We are in that state, in which the majority, I believe, of those who hear me, are in their hearts more desirous that we should be, than in our present prostrate and defenceless situation, they may think it prudent to avow;....in a state of armed truce; and then the only questions will be, at what price we purchase this truce; what our condition will be while it lasts; and in what state it is likely to leave us, should it terminate otherwise than as we are willing to suppose."

Mr. Windham then considers the relative state of such a peace and of continued warfare, and clearly proves that, even in point of pecuniary interest, the latter would have been preferable to the former. His observations on this part of the subject are particularly striking, and merit the closest attention.

We would fain follow this eminent statesman through his admirable remarks on the danger to which the morals of the country will be exposed from an unrestrained intercourse with France; but we have already far exceeded the limits usually allotted to such an article; we can therefore only extract a few more lines.

"What are we to think of a country, that having struck out of men's minds, as far as it has the power to do so, all sense of religion, and all belief of a future life, has struck out of its system of civil polity the institution of marriage? That has formally, professedly, and by law, established the connection of the sexes, upon the footing of an unrestrained concubinage? That has turned the whole country into one universal brothel? That leaves to every man to take, and to get rid of, a wife, (the fact, I believe, continues to be so,) and a wife, in like manner to get rid of her husband, upon less notice than you can, in this country, of a ready furnished lodging?

"What are we to think of uniting with a country, in which such things have happened, and where for generations the effects must continue, whatever formal and superficial changes prudence and policy may find it expedient to introduce into the things themselves."

We now take our leave of one of the most important speeches ever delivered in parliament; requesting our readers to observe, that the intention audaciously imputed to Mr. W. of wishing to wage an *eternal* war with France, and of urging the minister never to conclude peace with her until monarchy should be restored, is here proved to be an impudent falsehood, propagated for the worst purposes of party.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A *BEEF-STEAK* club, as it is called, has been lately established in Drogheda, the first resolution of which is, that the society shall meet once a week, and have but one meat dish for dinner, consisting, either of *pork* griskins, or *mutton* chops!

A dispute was lately brought before one of our magistrates, between two *Jews*. *Nathan vs. Solomon*. It turned out to be a fraud, practised upon the former, in a bargain of old clothes. After the award, the magistrate, jocularly addressing the plaintiff, said, "I wonder, my honest fellow, that *you* should be *taken in*, by *one of your own tribe*." "Ah! sir," replied Nathan, "your worship does not consider, that every *Jew* is not a *Solomon!*"

[*London paper.*

At the time that the duke of Wirtemberg was concluding a treaty of marriage with the royal princess, Mr. Sheridan was informed that the duke was to have the next *vacant ribbon*; on which the wit observed, that his serene highness would be woefully disappointed, if he should receive no *higher* honour than that of the *garter!* [*ib.*

In the dilemma of a *fourth* act, an author once applied to Murphy for assistance. "Sir," says he, "I do not know how it has happened, but I have killed every being but one in my tragedy, at the end of the fourth act, and I cannot contrive business for the fifth." "Sir," replied Murphy, "as the *dramatis personæ* are defunct, what if you were to introduce their *executors*, *administrators*, and *assigns!*"

One Fotteral, an actor, who used to perform, formerly in Dublin, was more remarkable for being a good *hazard player* than a good actor. One night, in speaking the long speech of the king, in Hamlet,

the house attempted to cough him off, but to no purpose, until a fellow in the upper gallery completely *gagged* him, by calling out "*pass the box, Jemmy!*

—

At a late ball, some British officers of the army gave offence to a gentleman of the navy, who, to express his dislike of their behaviour, said to a lady, he could *not relish lobster sauce!*

—

An officer in the West Indies, having formed a *tender* connection there, and not wishing to return to his family, has lately written home to his wife at *Kilkenny*, that he *died* last year of the yellow fever, and therefore hopes she will not expect his return.

—

When the late marquis of Bath was a stripling of sixteen, like another Peregrine Pickle, he "*was a mere dragon among the chambermaids.*" To one of these gentle abigails he was, one day, so rude, that she complained to his mother, who being very wroth at his incontinency, he exclaimed, "Indeed, she had so polished an ancle, and pretty a foot, *flesh and blood* could not resist the temptation." His mother, surveying his *spectral form*, replied, "though flesh and blood could not resist, yet *skin and bone* might."

—

An attorney lately attempted to *quiz* a country parson, who had a fine snuff box. "Doctor," said he "your box is large enough to hold the freedom of a corporation." "Sir," said the priest, "it will hold any freedom...but *yours!*"

—

A question in divinity has been lately solved, on the duke of Dorset's plea that he was a *menial* servant to his majesty, and therefore exempt from the *hair-powder tax*. In the book of Esther, chap. vi. and verse 6, it is thus written. "What shall be done to the man, whom the king delighteth to honour?" Answer, *Verily, he shall have his head powdered for nothing.*

—

A *whimsical* toast was lately given in a company of merchants, interested in the Greenland fishery ...."*The Prince of Whales.*"

—

A gentleman seeing a lady hold an act of parliament before her face to keep the fire off, said she was like an insolvent debtor, *she was taking the benefit of the act.*

—

An *eating*-house fell down some time ago in London; a gentleman, who saw the crowd, asked a fellow in the street, what was the matter. Nothing, replied the other, only a *cook's-shop* that's *disht.*

—

A private, another *Ollapod*, in a volunteer corps, being lately reprimanded for *irregular* firing, replied it was not *his* fault, but the fault of the *rest*, who did not fire along with him.

—

A voyage to *Botany Bay* is called, by the *light-fingered gentry....Going on a fishing party.*

—

Our evening promenades are now crowded with frolick nymphs and "*tiptoe joys*," and each delighted wooer as he saunters by his mistress's side, may think of the shepherd's enthusiastic exclamation in VIRGIL.

O quoties et quæ nobis Galatea locuta est!
Partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad aures.

—

Miss Bingham just married to the third son of Sir Francis Baring, is one of the greatest fortunes of the present times....Her father is director of the bank in Philadelphia, a man of immense riches.

[*London paper.*

A conversation of considerable importance took place in the British house of commons on the night of Monday the third of May. Mr. Windham stated his reasons for giving notice of a motion respecting the definitive treaty, and entered into a detail of the objections which had been thrown out on different times in both houses by gentlemen of his opinion....Mr. Pitt defended the definitive treaty against Mr. Windham's attacks, but reserved the full statement of his arguments until the promised motion should be made. He said, however, with respect to the apprehensions expressed for the safety of the British East-India dominion, in consequence of the non-renewal of former treaties, that not only no English member of parliament could find any solid ground of objection or uneasiness, but that no rival could discover a plausible pretence for cavil on that account. He defended generally the non-renewal treaties; and contended that the advantage of the omission was as great on the part of England as France. Mr. Windham's notice was of a motion for Tuesday the eighteenth of May; but Mr. Addington moved as an amendment, Tuesday the eleventh. The reason he gave for this was the necessity of terminating the work of peace (already too long suspended) as early as possible.

In the course of his observations respecting the definitive treaty, remarking on the cession in Louisiana to the French, Mr. Windham said..... "By this acquisition the French are establsihed in a space as unbounded as the view it opens, whether north or south. What a present have we made in it to the Americans! We have placed a serpent at their feet, by which they will ultimately be devoured. We have put them in that state in which they will become willing slaves under the dominion of France. We all know something of the human nature. We know that men detest the instrument less than the cause, and turn their resentment upon those whom they can make to feel it most. They will not, of course, hesitate between us and the French; and thus we shall eventually forfeit the friendship of America by the aggrandizement of the French in that quarter. As to the wealth which this establishment opens to them, it has no limits but their will. On the continent of South-America there is no power that can resist them. There are the sources of the wealth of the world: but if gentlemen do not feel the consequence of their passing into the hands of the French, it would be in vain for me to impress them with an idea of their importance."

—

In the year 1765 a volume was reviewed in London, entitled The *Patriotic* Muse, a poem on some of the principal events of the late war; together with a poem on the peace, *by an American Gentleman.* The merciless critics thus divert themselves, at the expense of this same American.

This Muse of the *New World*, is a public spirited girl, and crowds her verse with arms and George and Brunswic, and Nova-Scotia and *Quebecca* and Monongahela and Montreal, and Shirely and Johnson, and Montcalm and Braddock, and Oswego, and Schuyler, and Minorca and Blakeney, and Byng and Cavado, and the lamented death of *Jonathan* Belcher, and *Burissa*, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Burr, and the Baron of Clarawley, who was slain in a skirmish!....Moreover, Boscawen, Wolfe, Lawrence, Whitmore, Hardy, *Saul*, *Jonathan*, and *Joshua*, are severally *stirred round* in this *poetical cauldron. Pennsylvania*, Guadaloupe, the lamentation of Lewis the fifteenth, and *Baalam* and his *Ass*, are occasionally considered. The Spanish war is put into a song, and Mr. Secretary Pitt into an acrostic!!

—

When the late Stadtholder, who is very plethoric and lethargic, attended the Master of the Ceremonies' ball at Bath, the music, in compliment to his highness on entering the room, struck up "*Sleep on, Sleep on, my Kathleen dear.*

—

A great orator, speaking of some of the creeping subalterns to the archfiends in the French revolution, contemptuously declares,

They have not been guilty of great crimes; but it is only because they have not energy of mind to rise to any heights of wickedness. They are not Hawks or Kites; they are only miserable fowls, whose flight is not above their dunghill or henroost.

SELECTED POETRY.

[To the "Tales of Terror" we are again indebted for another exquisite specimen of humour and burlesque. Whatever, either in argument or song, recalls men from the horrible dreams of the witch, Superstition, whatever mitigates the morbid dread of Death, and teaches us to laugh at "old wives' fables" of exploded mummery, is highly meritorious in an author, and useful to his readers. Nothing can be more acute than the lance of our poet's wit, and when he darts it at the bug-bear legends of Mr. Lewis's muse, each ghost and each goblin skulks away ashamed.]

GRIM, KING OF THE GHOSTS,

OR THE DANCE OF DEATH,

A CHURCH-YARD TALE.

On horror's head, horrors accumulate.

OTHELLO.

This tale, as will be immediately seen by all tale readers, is written in imitation of the Cloud King, and dedicated, of course, to M. G. Lewis, Esq.

"WHY how now, old sexton, why shake you with dread?
Why haunt you this street, where you're sure to catch cold?
Full warm is your blanket, full snug is your bed!
And long since, by the steeple chimes, twelve has been told."

"Tom Tap, on this night my retreat you'll approve,
For my church-yard will swarm with its shroud-cover'd hosts;
Who will tell, with loud shriek, that resentment and love
Still nip the cold heart of Grim, king of the ghosts.

"One eve, as the fiend wander'd through the thick gloom,
Towards my newly tiled cot he directed his sight;
And casting a glance in my little back room,
Gazed on Nancy, my daughter, with wanton delight.

"Yet Nancy was proud, and disdainful was she,
In affection's fond speech she'd no pleasure nor joy;
And vainly he sued, though he knelt at her knee.
Bob Brisket, so comely, the young butcher's boy!

"For you, dearest Nancy, I've oft been a thief,
Yet my theft it was venial, a theft if it be;
For who could have eyes, and not see you lov'd beef?
Or, who see a steak, and not steal it for thee?

"Remember, dear beauty, dead flesh cannot feel,
With frowns you my heart and its passion requite;

Yet oft have I seen you, when hungry at meal,
On a dead bullock's heart gaze with tender delight.

" When you dress it for dinner, so hard and so tough,
I wish the employ your stern breast would improve;
And the dead bullock's heart, while with onions you stuff,
You would stuff your own heart, cruel virgin, with love.

...." Young rascal! presum'st thou, with butcher-like phrase,
To foul stinking onions *my* love to compare;
Who have set Wick, the candleman, all in a blaze,
And alderman Paunch, who has since been the Mayor.

" You bid me remember dead flesh cannot feel,
Then I vow, by my father's old pick-axe and spade,
Till some prince from the tombs shall behave so genteel
As to ask me to wed, I'll continue a maid.

" Nor him will I wed, till these terms he must own,
Of my two first commands the performance he boasts,
Straight, instead of a footman, a deep pealing groan
Announc'd the approach of Grim, king of the ghosts.

" No flesh had the spectre, his skeleton skull
Was loosely wrapt round with a brown shrivell'd skin;
His bones, 'stead of marrow, of maggots was full,
And the worms they crawl'd out, and the worms they crawl'd in.

" His shoes they were coffins, his dim eye reveal'd
The gleam of a grave lamp, with vapours oppress'd;
And a dark crimson necklace of blood drops congeal'd,
Reflected each bone, that jagg'd out of his breast.

" In a hoarse hollow whisper....." thy beauties," he cried,
" Have drawn up a spirit to give thee a kiss;
No butcher shall call thee, proud Nancy, his bride,
The grim king of spectres demands thee for his.

" My name frightens infants, my word raises ghosts,
My tread wakes the echoes, which breathe thro' the aisle;
And, lo! here stands the prince of the church yard, who boasts
The will to perform thy commands for a smile."

" He said, and he kiss'd her, she pack'd up her clothes,
And straight they elop'd through the window with joy;
Yet long in her ears rang the curses and oaths,
Which growl'd at his rival, the gruff butcher's boy.

" At the charnel-house palace soon Nanny arrived,
When the fiend with a grin, which her soul did appal,
Exclaim'd....." I must warn my pale subjects I'm wived,
And bid them prepare a grand supper and ball!"

" Thrice, swifter than thought, on his heel round he turns,
Three capers he cut, and then motionless stood;
Then, on cards made of dead men's skin, Nancy discerns
His lak fingers to scrawl invitations in blood.

" His quill was a windpipe, his inkhorn a skull,
A blade-bone his penknife, a tooth was his seal,
Soon he order'd the cards, in a voice deep and dull,
To haste and invite all his friends to the meal.

" Away flew the cards to the south and the north,
Away flew the cards to the east and the west;
Straight with groans, from their tombs the pale spectres stalk'd forth,
In deadly apparel and shrouding sheets dress'd.

" And, quickly, scar'd Nancy, with anxious affright,
Hears the tramp of a steed, and a knock at the gate;
On a hell horse so gaunt, 'twas a grim ghastly sprite,
On a pillion behind a she skeleton sate.

" The poor maiden she thought 'twas a dream, or a trance,
While the guests they assembled, gigantic and tall;
Each sprite ask'd a skeleton lady to dance,
And king Grim and fair Nancy now open'd the ball.

" Pale spectres send music from dark vaults above,
Wither'd legs, 'stead of drumsticks they brandish on high,
Grinning ghosts, sheeted spirits, skipping skeletons move,
While hoarse whispers and rattling of bones shake the sky.

" With their pliable joints the Scots steps they do well,
Nancy's hand with their cold clammy fingers they squeeze;
Now sudden appal'd the maid hears a death bell,
And straight dark and dismal the supper she sees!

" A tomb was the table, now each took his seat,
Every sprite next his partner, so pale and so wan;
Soon as ceas'd was the rattling of skeleton feet,
The clattering of jaw-bones directly began.

" Of dead aldermen's fat the mould candles were made,
Stuck in sockets of bone they gleam'd dimly and blue;
Their dishes were skutcheons, and corses decay'd
Were the viands that glutted this ravenous crew.

" Through the nostrils of skulls their blood liquor they pour,
The black draught in the heads of young infants they quaff;
The vice-president rose, with his jaws dripping gore,
And address'd the pale damsel, with horrible laugh.

....." Feast, queen of the ghosts, the repast do not scorn;
Feast, queen of the ghosts, I perceive thou hast food;
To-morrow again shall we feast, for at noon
Shall we feast on thy flesh, shall we drink of thy blood."

" Then cold as a cucumber Nancy she grew,
Her proud stomach came down, and she blared, and she cried,
" O tell me, dear Grim, does that spectre speak true,
And will you not save from his clutches your bride?"

" Vain your grief, silly maid, when the ring,
The bond becomes due, which long since did I sign;
For she, who at night weds the grizly ghost king,
Next morn must be dress'd for his subjects to dine."

" In silks and in satins for *you* I'll be drest,
My soft tender limbs let *their* fangs never crunch."
" Fair Nancy, yon ghosts, should I grant your request,
Instead of at *dinner*, would eat you at *lunch*!"

" But vain, ghostly king, is your cunning and guile,
That bond must be void, which you never can pay;
Lo! I ne'er will be yours, till, to purchase my smile,
My two first commands, as you *swore*, you obey."

" Well sayst thou, fair Nancy, thy wishes impart,
But think not to puzzle Grim, king of the ghosts."
Straight she turns o'er each difficult task in her heart,
And " I've found out a poser,"....exultingly boasts.

" You vow'd that no *butcher* should call me his bride,
That this vow you fulfil my first asking shall be:
And since so many maids in your clutches have died,
Than *yourself* show a *bloodier butcher*," said she.

" Then shrill scream the spectres; the charnel-house gloom
Swift lightnings disperse, and the palace destroy;
Again Nancy stood in the little back room,
And again at her knee knelt the young butcher's boy.

" I'll have done with *dead* husbands," she Brisket bespeaks,
" I'll now take a live one, so fetch me a ring!"
And when press'd to her lips were his red beefin cheeks,
She lov'd him much more than the shrivell'd ghost king.

" No longer his steaks and his cutlets she spurns,
No longer he fears his grim rival's pale band;
Yet still when the famed first of April returns,
The sprites rise in squadrons and Nancy demand.

" This informs you, Tom Tap, why to-night I remove,
For I dread the approach of the shroud-cover'd hosts,
Who tell, with loud shrieks, that resentment and love
Still nip the cold heart of Grim, king of the ghosts."

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